

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## Sir Francis the Absolute and How He Reigned

Owen Wistar has written a new book, and in it there is a very funny story about the tactics pursued by a white drake in the management of his duck family, a story that is almost as clever in its way as Rosland's "Chanteclere."

**Stately Sir Francis.**

The author tells the story himself. It is a part of his experience in the West, when he was, spending some weeks with a newly-wedded Wyoming farmer and his bride. The guest was leisurely, unhurried and prone to philosophic observation. One of his favorite recreations was the feeding of the ducks in the pond. The drake was named Sir Francis, and was at all times dignified and irreproachable in behavior. The ducks were called Duchess and Countess. They were very jealous the one of the other. When they were in the pond there was a perpetual struggle between the two for the post of honor beside Sir Francis. He sailed stately on, however, without even casting a glance backward, taking no notice of anything so petty as their quarrels and quacks, at first one and then another advanced or receded.

He it was who decided all times and seasons. When he considered that he had had enough of the water he left the pond, and, going to the woodpile, turned his profile in handsome relief toward Duchess and Countess, awaiting their return to his presence. They never wished to leave the water as soon as he did. His going always agitated them seriously. They raised their voices in remonstrance and ruffled the bosom of the pond with their angry movements.

**Silent but Expectant.**

And he—he might have been carved out of stone. The sun glinted on his snowy plumage, and his shapely yellow legs, as he stood silent, apparently unheeding, but really expectant. When Duchess and Countess had appealed to him in vain, they regretfully made ready to follow him, and then raced from the water to the woodpile to see which could approach their loose lord first. He looked contemptuously at their antics, and, once more, without regard to protestation, turned and led the way to the haystack.

After this scene had been enacted a number of times under his eyes, the philosophic observer asked a man well versed in the manners and customs of the feathered tribes, how it was that Sir Francis maintained such absolute and invariable ascendancy in his family, how he could compel Countess and Duchess to do the very things to which they seemed most disinclined, with so little effort on his part, while their devotion remained so unswerving and so absolutely submissive.

**He Flattered Out the Matter.**

The farmer's eyes twinkled. Perhaps a fellow feeling with the drake made him wondrous wise. Anyway, he and Sir Francis understood each other.

"I figure it out this way," he said, while the smoke from his pipe curled peacefully upward, "that Sir Francis, he keeps his women folk a guessing, that's about the size of it. They don't know which of 'em he prefers and they are never sartin as to what he's a-goin' to do next. And so he commands their respect and excites their interest. And there he is," he said once more, smiling softly to himself.

**The Feminine Touch.**

The feminine touch in work and achievement has come to be so seriously considered as to form the basis of an editorial in Harper's Bazar, commenting on the success that has come to women because of it.

"What is the feminine touch?" asks the Bazar. Is the world forever to believe that it is draped on the manly, fringed, dolled eternally accompanying our daily bread? Is the work of the twentieth century woman never feminine except when it is superfluously decorative? What but the feminine touch perfected the discovery of radium? It was the feminine touch that brought about the fame of George Eliot, of George Sand. It was the feminine touch that accomplished the success of Rosa Bonheur. It is the feminine touch which sustains at once the art and the magnificent power of endurance of the artist.

In a word, everything that has honorably distinguished woman in her undertakings through all times, is the feminine touch. It is not wherein a woman is most like a man in what she does that she achieves greatness; it is rather in full realization of her womanly attributes that she is glorified. To measure woman's success by what it lacks of the feminine touch is to impoverish humanity's conception of life, and to rob the woman of any cause of glory. It is the feminine touch which no woman dreams of glorifying, which the world takes as a matter of course—still the feminine touch—the mother's lips on the child's forehead, the wife's hand in the husband's palm.

**A Hidden Supper.**

Says Martha Landon in the June Woman's Home Companion:

An amusing way of raising money in June is to have a hidden supper. Invite all the church people to attend at 6 o'clock on a certain day, insisting that those who accept must send word by a postal card two or three days in advance to some one member of the committee in charge.

The members of the society are to prepare as many picnic suppers as there are to be used, packing each one in a paper box. Some one, who has a large lawn, with plenty of shrubbery, flower beds and trees, will lend it for the occasion, and it may be made beautiful with festoons of Japanese lanterns strung from tree to tree. On a porch of the house, behind a screen, tea and coffee may be prepared, to be served with the supper.

In the late afternoon have two or more bright girls hide the boxes of supper on the lawn, under the shrubbery, behind clumps of flowers, within the folds of evergreens and in any other available spot. At the guests' arrival, each one pays a small sum on entering the gate, perhaps 50 cents, and proceeds to hunt for his supper.

If a large number of people are to be present, it is a good plan to "put two suppers in each box, and ask that each person attending shall have a partner to hunt with him.

A number of extra suppers should be ready in case any boxes are not found, or if any guests come who have failed to send acceptances. While the suppers are being eaten on the grass, the lanterns may be lighted, and a delightful lawn party enjoyed during the evening.



DINNER GOWNS AND EVENING DRESSES FOR SUMMER.

L'Art de la Mode.

## SIMPLE AND DRESSY WHITE

White Made Up in Many Materials and Styles From Tailored Linen Costumes to Dressy Afternoon and Evening Costumes in Voile, Marquisette and Net.

The season of the year has approached when soft white gowns be-ribboned and lace-trimmed can be worn with comfort and great becomingness.

There is nothing that a young girl or matron looks better in than white, and this season white materials of many kinds are worn and made up in the daintiest possible manner. White voile one-piece frocks have yokes and bands of heavy lace, and the cuffs and panels and revers of embroidery in white beads. White coat suits have satin pipings and flat bands, or are elaborately braided and embroidered. Heavy lace insets add to the appearance of coat collars and cuffs.

**Three-Piece Linen Suits.**

Most attractive are three-piece suits in linen. These may be strictly tailored, or they may be as elaborately trimmed as the tastes of the wearers require, lace cuffs being frequently worn with the dressy linen suits for afternoon or carriage wear. Cotton voiles are very popular this season, and are made up to the greatest advantage with a provision of trimming, with Dutch necks or high necks, and with net, lace, satin applique, girdles and belts, so that they look almost as well as silk voiles and are much less expensive. Gowns in soft white silk, white marquisette and white net are admirably fashioned for commencement and evening wear.

**Lingerie Frocks for Girls.**

For girls, however, nothing is prettier or more suitable than white lingerie frocks in allover embroidery. In sheer white linen, in French batiste, in sheer white linen lawn, in dotted muslin or white Swiss. It matters not whether extreme simplicity characterizes these frocks, or whether they are made in accordance with costly ideas and devices, they are so universally becoming to youthful wearers and so appropriate for them that all styles are included, to suit all tastes, purses and grades of purchasers.

White tailored suits in serge, worn with white hats, parasols and white buckskin ties, are extremely stylish, and are most useful for street and morning wear.

**Colored Lingerie Costumes.**

Because smartly-attired young women have chosen to displace the shirtwaist and skirt by the adoption of the one-piece and coat costume, the number of colored linen, duck and other lingerie creations supplying a demand is unusually large and varied. As to

colors, these costumes appear in old blue, several shades of mauve and wistaria, green, brown, pink and red. Linens in self color, or with collars and cuffs embroidered in shades matched by the belt, the shopping bag, the prevailing tone in hat trimming, and in the clocks on stockings, offer delightful possibilities.

**Attractive Through Completeness.**

Colored lingerie suits, indeed, are mainly attractive through their completeness of finish and the care with which harmony in detail is secured by the woman who affects them, and to whose good taste and judgment the little touches bespeaking individuality lend character to the whole.

**China's New Woman.**

What stronger evidence of the awakening of China could there be than the living presence of a highly educated Chinese woman doctor, whose pioneer work in sanitation is both recognized and encouraged by her imperial government? She is Dr. Yamei Kin, head of the Imperial Women's Medical School and Hospital at Peking, and founder of the first training school for nurses in China, as well as of a hospital for babies and of several dispensaries, all flourishing. Her mission in the United States is the acquisition of the latest ideas in sanitation and hygiene, which she hopes to adapt to conditions in her own land. Left an orphan when a mere baby, she was brought to this country by an American missionary. Here she received her medical education in the Woman's Medical School of the New York Infirmary, and returned to take up her work in her native land. This year her school graduated its first class of nine native women, who task it will be to instruct Chinese mothers in simple hygiene and the care of their children, and gradually reducing the terrible mortality among the little yellow babies. In appearance Dr. Yamei Kin is typically Chinese, with a delicate oval face, almond-shaped eyes and straight black hair worn in a low bun, a plain and distinctly Western loquacious. There are now several Chinese woman doctors, educated in different cities of the empire, and Dr. Yamei Kin believes that the future of Chinese medicine is largely in the hands of her sex.

## June Entertainments

Departures from the ordinary form of cutting a bride's cake are given in the Woman's Home Companion for June. This periodical says that the thimble, ring, sixpence and darning needle may be fastened to lengths of narrow white satin baby ribbon and dropped into the funnel of the cake. To these ends of the ribbon and to other unattached ends, corresponding in number to those entitled to draw, are tied with true lovers' knots, hearts of white cardboard, embossed in silver with the initials of bride and groom and the wedding date. The heart is laid evenly around the outer border of the lace mat or centerpiece, and when the hour of cake cutting arrives, a choice of hearts creates great preliminary interest.

**Hidden in Bride's Bouquet.**

One of the most charming ways to associate bridesmaids and their future fates is for the bride to have the ring and other symbols hidden in her bridal bouquet which should be divided into four sections and held together with white satin ribbon. When she is about to leave for her wedding trip, she hurls the ribbon, throws the bouquets, and by one into the waiting group of maids below. This is the survival of an old English custom, very quaint and very pretty.

**Class Luncheon.**

A luncheon given, a graduating class by one of its members, may have pink and white roses for table decorations arranged in sprays like a wheel, with the spokes meeting in the center of the table, where they are held by a cake of fortune.

The covers are placed between the spokes of the wheel, and a clever white paper imitation, laid in white and gilded with pink and white roses. The ribbons extend from the roses to the different covers, and a suitable menu includes: Strawberry or cherry cocktail, cheese straws, broiled chicken on toast, tomato salad, vanilla cream with fresh strawberries and little cakes with pink and white frosting.

Souvenirs may include miniature suit cases, desk telephones, chafing dishes, cameras and other articles selected with reference to the characteristics of class members.

The pulling of the ribbons scattering the upper crust of the fortune cake comes last, and causes much merriment, bringing forth prophetic toys like butterflies, lads of fashion and other whims of fancy.

**Gifts for Brides.**

A luncheon cloth and half-dozen embroidered napkins make a charming present for a bride. The napkins may be of plain damask, fourteen inches square, with the double hemstitched borders and the bride's monogram inclosed in a circle of four-leaf clovers.

## THE PROFESSIONAL NURSE

Requirements of Such a Vocation—Broad Mental and Moral Development—Physician, Friend and Adviser in One.

There is no more important or useful member of the professional class of women than the trained nurse, and an article on nurses by Virginia Bell Graham, appearing in the current number of Woman's World, is well worth the attention of all women.

Among other things which the article says is that the occupation of nursing should be only taken up by those who have a natural vocation for the work and can enter upon it with enthusiasm and devotion.

**The Time to Begin Training.**

Twenty-two or twenty-three is mentioned as the age a woman should reach, before entering upon training as a nurse. She is apt to know her own mind by then and be sure that she is not swayed by impulse of which she becomes speedily weary, but by judgment and reason.

**For the Real Nurse Needs.**

For the real nurse needs a specially full mental and moral development, growing out of broad experience, not to be looked for in a woman under twenty. More professionalism is the last quality required in the personality of a woman who comes constantly in contact with sick and suffering humanity. She should bring at all times to her aid tactfulness, sympathy, knowledge of human nature, self-reliance, and, in dealing with her patient, firmness enshrouded with kindness.

Of all people on earth conscience should be thoroughly developed in the nurse, says Miss Graham, and the woman who shirks should have no place in nursing ranks, where standards of work must be created and lived up to, by an individual to whose care and watchfulness are frequently committed the issues of life and death.

**Many-Sided Experiences.**

Many and varied are the experiences of the nursing sisterhood. She is brought into contact with phases of existence hitherto undreamed of by her, and, in the hospital and the home, doors are thrown wide and skeletons disclosed, which prove to her how little she has previously known of the weaknesses to which humanity is prone. Just here, the nurse needs to pause and take a firm grip on herself, lest she should become callous through knowledge of evil and its results. Broad sympathy and understanding as against pessimism and self-righteousness is what she needs to cultivate.

No neurotic or melancholy applicant should be permitted or encouraged

to take up training as a nurse. The profession requires a cheerful countenance and abundant vitality and energy to supply strength to the weak and encourage the naturally doubting and despondent.

**Influence Cannot Be Estimated.**

The influence of nurses, especially of those doing district work among the poorest classes, and in homes where women have had little or no opportunity to improve themselves in the art of home making, can hardly be estimated. They are physician, friend and adviser in one. They give instruction in matters of sanitation and diet, lessen the danger of infection and largely promote chances of a better environment for babies and children of tender years. The district nurse does a work that brings her into direct contact with the needy as a helper and a healer of disease.

**Battles Against Ignorance.**

But she is also a reformer. Against ignorance and superstition she does unceasing battle. Frequently her best efforts are defeated by disobedience on the part of a woman who does not realize the consequences of such disobedience, who is simply afraid to follow out directions which are in direct opposition to ingrained beliefs of hereditary and nationality.

Thus the way of the professional nurse is not a path of roses. But she is a factor good in the world, an educator and missionary, unhampered by sectarianism and counting herself as might, if she can ease the pain of the sick world which leans upon her.

**MRS. CHAMP CLARK.**

Mr. Champ Clark, or to speak more correctly, Mrs. James Beauchamp Clark, of Representative, is the subject of a most attractive sketch written by Katherine G. Busbey for the current number of Harper's Bazar.

A paragraph of the sketch contains the following expression of opinion from Mrs. Clark: "Public opinion is inclined to overrate the wife's influence, if she is clever. Even if she is stupid, she is held to account for many things for which she is not responsible. More than any other woman the politician's wife must be mind-forgive of evil and its results. Broad sympathy and understanding as against pessimism and self-righteousness is what she needs to cultivate. No neurotic or melancholy applicant should be permitted or encouraged

to take up training as a nurse. The profession requires a cheerful countenance and abundant vitality and energy to supply strength to the weak and encourage the naturally doubting and despondent.

to take up training as a nurse. The profession requires a cheerful countenance and abundant vitality and energy to supply strength to the weak and encourage the naturally doubting and despondent.

## Miss Warner's Influence Over West Point Cadets

An officer who was at West Point a generation ago has a good deal to say of the influence Miss Susan Warner had on the boys of the Academy in the '70's and '80's.

The Wide Wide World was a popular book then with the cadet's mothers, who would urge their sons to visit Constitution Island and write home a description of the author. So many boys would visit the island. Every Saturday afternoon the Warner sisters would send their man-of-all-work in a boat to the Point to bring over a load of cadets.

The boys would gather around Miss Susan as she sat on the lawn and listen to her read the Scriptures and explain them in a bright, cheerful view of religion and life.

After the talks would come a treat of tea and home-made gingerbread. She was very delicate and frail and often her talks would completely exhaust her. She kept up correspondence with many of the visiting cadets long after they had become distinguished officers.

Her last letter to one, just before her death, had a postscript known to her cadet friends. It read: "I no longer have the strength to cross the river to meet the boys, and the superintendent we now have will not allow them to come to me, so my usefulness with them seems to be at an end."

**THE RETURNING.**

I said I will go back again where we were glad together. But, my dear, where are the roses we were wont to see?

The songs we used to hear?

I said the hearth flame that once burned for us  
I will renew with all the cheer of old.

Yet here within the circle luminous  
Our very hearts are cold.

That was a barren garden that we found,  
This was an empty house we came to meet,  
We, who for all our longing hear no sound  
Of Love's returning feet.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

**TETRAZINI'S CRITICISM.**

Tetrazini, the famous singer, has a word or two to say about the taste of American women in matters of the toilet. He has a article appears in Woman's Home Companion and some extracts from it follow here:

American women have less individuality in dress than any other women in the world. Have you ever stopped to think that in this country there is practically no national costume? Were you to see a woman of any other nation walking on the street and were you unable to see her face, you would nevertheless still be able to say: "Ah, there goes an Englishwoman, or a Frenchwoman, or a German, or Russian." But what does the American woman do? She borrows an Oriental turban, and slips her feet into French-heeled slippers; she arrays herself in a Russian tunic, and wears it with a Dutch collar. Of course you will say we all do the same thing more or less, and you are quite right. We do. But here is the point. Even after all this borrowing and combining the American woman still does not succeed in obtaining an effect of individuality; of differentness in dress. For that matter there are comparatively few women of any country of whom one may not say the same.

**Because You Are You.**

Several years ago a very Banal Street song was popular in America, but it illustrates what I mean. The lover in the chorus reiterates to his sweetheart that he loves her because she is herself, or in the case of the refrain, "Because you're you." Most of the women in America seem bent upon being each other and not themselves at all. If the young lady in the song of which I speak was anything like the rest of her sisters the lover in question could not have picked her out from a million other girls. If she had worn her hat down over her eyes.

**Like Leaves About a Flower.**

Mind you, in suggesting that each woman design her own costumes, I do not mean you to think I admire conspicuousness, never become a street scene, or to think I admire even moderately intelligent women to not wear clothes that are noticeable as clothes. One may, of course, indulge certain sartorial fancies and even extremes in the privacy of one's own home. But the woman who gowns herself in a conspicuous manner to go into public restaurants and the streets, places herself at once in an undesirable class. As a matter of fact, a woman's gown at all times should bear practically the same relation to herself that a woman does to a picture. It should never intrude, it should be more important than the picture itself. A gown on a well-dressed woman should simply be there, just as the leaves are about the flower.

**Women Should Study Their Type.**

Why women do not do so, I wonder more, and then intensify it. I mean, for example, some of your own American women. There are numbers of you with the wide high cheek bones, the level brows, and the square chin of the old American Indians. Why not, if you have the long, muscular figure and the face of this type, revert to type in clothing? Of course, I do not mean to don moccasins and leather costumes. But consider the exquisite Indian beading that could be used as a woman's as a matter of fact, much of it was used in clothing, a lovely simplicity of parted hair drawn over the ears; or the warm red and brown colorings the Indian women so love. Or there is the old Roman type of face, or the Egyptian, offering suggestions for classic costumes, or, of course, the more obvious Spanish type and the dress of my own dear Italian women.

**HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.**

The late King Edward VII. of England was driving along a country road in Scotland one day, when he overtook an old market woman, struggling under a load which was more than she could well manage. "You might take part of this in your carriage," she cried to the King, whom she did not recognize. "Must my good woman," replied his majesty with royal courtesy, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way of my mother. A lot of good that will do me," said the old woman testily.

"Take it all the same," said the King, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy in the palm of the astonished old peasant.